

+ The wofull lamentation of *Edward Smith*, a poore penitent prisoner
in the Tayle of Bedford, which he wrote a short time before his
death. To the tune of, Dainty come thou to me.

I Am a Prisoner poore,
Opprest with misery:
O Lord doe thou restore
that faith which wants in me.
In woe I wile and wepe,
In griping griefe I cry,
In dungeon darke and deepe,
In fetters fast I lye,
Sighing I sit and moane,
My soule offences all,
My loathsome life is knowne,
which makes me live in thrall.
Ned Smith I am, the wight
In prison that remaine,
Tormented day and night,
with hands and iron chaines.
My ioyes are turn'd to nought,
My hopes are worne away,
My wickednesse hath wrought
my downefall and decay.
Those gifts that God gave me,
My wants for to supply,
Abused much I have,
To please my fantasie,
My name I did denie,
In Baptisme given me,
That Sacrament whereby
Regenerate I should be.
No wit nor strength may serue
The Law to satisfie:
For death I doe deserve,
In right and equity.
For I offended have
Roules of high degree,
What fauour can I craue
For life or liberty?
But hope of life is past,
My aas so hainous be:
And liberty is lost,
Will death doe set me free.
All men both old and young
Which are at liberty,
And heare my dolefull song,
Example take by me.
Be true, and trust in God,
Fly theft, and vice eschew,
Lest Gods most heauy rod
Correct your deeds untrue.
Would I had ne'er bin bozne
To doe such wicked deeds,
Which makes me live in scozne
And shame that soe exceeds.
But that which passed is,
I cannot now recall:
My finnes and my amisse,
O Lord forgive them all.
Woe worth ill company,
Fie on that filthy crew:
Accurst the day may be
That euer I them knew.

If life and death were set
Before me for to chosse,
Though I might pardon get,
My life first would I losse,
Then runne that wicked race,
And doe as I haue done,
Sweet Iesus giue me grace,
That life so lewd to shun.
Farewell my louing wife,
Who sought to turne my minde,
And make me mend my life,
Thy words full true I finde.
Farewell my childezen all,
My tender Babes adue:
Let this your fathers fall,
Be warning good for you.
Deare wife, and Infants thre,
Serue God, remember this,
That you true subiects be,
Though I haue done amisse.
Farewell my Pusick sweet,
And Cittron siluer sound,
Sourning for me is meet,
My finnes doe so abound.
O Lord, on bended knees,
And hands lift vp on hie,
Cast on me gracious eyes,
With grace my wants supply.
Lay not vnto my charge,
The things that I haue done,
Though I haue runne at large,
And plaid the vnthrift soune.
Yet now I doe repent,
And humbly come to thee,
My finnes I doe lament,
Sweet Iesus comfort me.
O Lord I doe lament,
And onely ioy in thee,
To praise thee day and night,
For thou redeemedst me.
Lord saue our royall King
Whose prisoner poore am I,
Prolong his dayes on earth,
With fame and victorie.
Against his Maiesty,
I haue offended soe,
Committing felony,
And now I die therfore.
A dolefull death, God knowes,
Which once I did desire:
Thus must I end my woes
Which I take patiently.
By thee O Saviour sweet,
In heauen I hope to rest,
In ioy where I shall meet, (blest,
Those soules whom thou hast
Where we shall sing thy praise,
O God, with voyces high,
When I shall end my dayes,
And live eternally.